

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Suicide of a Well Known Citizen.

Reasons Assigned for the Fatal Step.
Full Particulars of the Unfortunate
Affair.

On yesterday afternoon, Mr. Samuel McCarthy, an old citizen of Knoxville, died from the effects of a vial of laudanum, taken during a fit of despondency, at a moment when frail human nature—crushed by the cares of life—yielded to the voice of the tempter and sundered the ties that bind mortals to earth.

HIS ANTECEDENTS.

The unfortunate gentleman who committed the rash act, which left his wife a widow and his children orphans, was well known to this community, and considered by his friends as possessing extensive information on most subjects, and many years ago was the acknowledged leader of the working men of this city, being chosen to preside at their meetings and as the exponent of their particular views.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

On Friday night, Mr. McCarthy retired and about ten o'clock was heard by members of his family in earnest prayer, which was not remarked at the time, but, taken in connection with the letter we give below, shows that

THE ACT WAS PREMEDITATED.

and the last fervent supplication to the throne of grace was asking pardon for the crime soon to be committed, which was to send a soul unbidden to the presence of his God.

Nothing was suspected until yesterday morning, when one of his children went to his room and found him breathing heavily, and seeing the fatal vial, gave the alarm.

His reasons for the dreadful resolve so determinedly carried out are given in the following letter, from the date of which it will be seen that he had long intended carrying his purpose into execution. We publish it not to gratify a sentiment of news-mongering, but that all who read may judge as leniently of the dead as possible.

KNOXVILLE, April 23, 1870.
AT HOME.

My Dear Children:

I have taken the idea into my head, or rather have arrived at the conclusion to end my life, and risk the consequence in my future condition with my God. This conclusion, and determination is not arrived at by me hurriedly and without prayerfully considering the future. I leave my case in the hands of a kind father, who will deal as leniently to us mortals, who are his children, or of his creation, as we would deal with our children.

What earthly parent would consign his children to everlasting torment? My condition in this world is unsupportable. My health is rapidly declining to consumption.

My matrimonial alliance with your step-mother, as you are well aware, has proved disastrous to you and me, and on account of her violence of temper, and also, more especially, her intemperate habits, it is impossible to live with her, with any degree of satisfaction or peace, and equally impossible to get separated from her, except in the way that I have adopted, which is the last resort. Another cause is that I have, on account of extreme solicitude for the comfort and welfare of you both, placed myself in a condition which deprives me of any means to operate with in the way of business. What small means your schoolings, the war, and other misfortunes has left me is tied up in law, so that I am unable to use it, and I cannot work on account of ill-health. So that, considering everything connected with my situation and condition in life, I do not wish to live any longer.

When you get this letter I will be a corpse—my soul in the other world. I wish to be buried along side of your mother.

Get Samuel Newman to make me a plain coffin, and pay him as soon as you can, from the rent of the house.

I wish your cousin, John Cruze, to become your guardian, and to see me buried. My desire is that the suit in the Supreme Court shall be prosecuted, and the house and lot sold for your benefit, and you pay everything I owe honestly.

Say to Captain Thomas O'Connor, that I hope he will remain security in the suit; and I enjoin upon you that you do not suffer him, nor anybody else, to lose by either you or me.

I wish you to write to your uncle, Michael McCarthy, to Norwich, Connecticut, and tell him your situation, and that you wish him, and it is my dying request, that he shall send you the one hundred dollars which I loaned to him years ago, when he was moving from Washington, D. C., to Norwich, Connecticut, some nine or ten years ago. Say to him that you need it, which you do, and to send to you the principal, if he will not, the interest. Attend to this matter, as you ought to have it. The last time I heard from him he was in the above place. Mr. Callahan, across the railroad, will assist you in finding him. He knows him and his people in law. He told me but a short time ago that he was living in Norwich, Connecticut, and that he had seen his mother-in-law, who is a Mrs. Seagerson, in Washington, D. C., where he (Callahan) was recently on a visit. Mr. C. knows your uncle, as also does Mrs. Dane Foley and her husband. I wish you to state, both together, to the Clerk of the County Court, that all the money that I have received, as guardian for you both, from the time I became so up to the present date, and more besides, I have expended upon you for boarding, clothing and incidental expenses—so that my securities are entirely clear of any embarrassment on that score or account.

Mr. Washburne, my lawyer has in the Supreme Court two cases to attend to for me, viz: one for the sale of the property on Waterstreet, for your benefit, appealed from Chancery, which case he undertook to manage for twenty-five dollars; another case, in which I am concerned, amounting to thirty-five dollars, as trustee between Dr. Brandeau and Nicholas Eisher, for which there is no fee. I employed him in another, which was the obtaining of a divorce from Hannah McCarthy, but I do not think he will have much trouble with that case, and will not charge more. Pay attention to the taxes on the property. There are the county and State taxes for 1868 and 1869 unpaid—a strong argument in favor of selling the property as soon as possible, to save it from being consumed by taxation; and another argument is, that it is depreciating in value from the want of necessary repairs, such a house requires. I forgot to include in the above statement the corporation taxes, which are also unpaid.

I know full well what effect this will have upon you; but, my dear children, I am not afraid to meet my God. I have lived an honest and virtuous life, and in that I hope you will imitate me. Be virtuous, kind, and charitable, as was your dear mother.

Never suffer yourselves to betray from the

paths of virtue and religion, which are the only things that will conduct you safely through life, and guide you safely to Heaven.

I wish you to copy this document with pen and ink, and preserve it in order to vindicate my conduct in this, my last and saddest act of life.

I wish your Cousin Sam to advertise the house for rent, and put it to the best advantage for you until it is sold, and I wish it sold as soon as possible. I suppose you will have to live out with some of your kinsfolk until the property is sold. There is no encouragement on it, except taxes of last year and this. Take charge of all my papers, and again I enjoin, as soon as you can, the payment of every debt I owe.

When you receive this and read this epistle, come down to my room—you will find nobody there but my lifeless corpse, as I induced your step-mother to sleep out of the house, under the pretence that I was going away on business, to keep her from thwarting my purpose or design. I have no fear of the future, as I rely with unflinching hope, and trust in my Creator, and therefore expect a union in Heaven with my children and their dear mother.

Farewell, until we meet in a better world.

Your Dear, Dear Father,

SAMUEL MCCARTHY.
P. S.—I wish your guardian, if it can be managed, would dismiss the suit in the Supreme Court, and apply for the sale of the property in the County Court, for your relief and benefit, and also for the payment of whatever debts I owe, which I especially enjoin and request you to discharge. If you have any respect for the memory of your father, you will comply with my request.

You will find amongst my papers some receipts and transactions with Seymour, who was appointed Solicitor by Temple, and which will be of use to Mr. Washburne in conducting the case before the Supreme Court.

Whatever expense your uncle may incur in my burial, I want you to pay with interest, if you have to live out until it is paid.

I wish to be interred in the clothes that I commonly wear on Sunday, without obtaining any other.

My last and dying exhortation to you both is be virtuous, be amiable in your deportment, sincere in your religion, and truthful in every relation of life and its transactions.

Adieu, until we meet in the next world.

YOUR DEAR FATHER.

Bonner in Harlem Lane—Dexter Put to His Mettle.

New York Correspondence (Boston Journal.)

I saw Bonner on the road the other day. It is one of the sights of New York. It is interesting to watch the sensation he produces, though he appears every day. He comes late on the road, but his coming is watched for with the greatest eagerness by all classes. He is very systematic, and can usually be seen turning into the gate from Eighth avenue about 5 o'clock. His pleasure never interferes with business; his day's work is squarely done before he leaves the stable. He has a rig which he puts on when he prepares for the business of the road. Dexter is the favorite with the public, and they are usually gratified, especially on a pleasant afternoon. Other horses have had their brush, and have been led off foaming to the shed. The piazzas of all the hotels that line the road are crowded with horsemen, and the windows with lady friends. Spectators, with their teams, drawn up on the side of the road to await the great event of the day. During the meeting of the two conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York last week it was estimated that two-thirds of the clergymen went out on Harlem lane to get a sight of Dexter and his famous owner. Bonner makes his appearance at a slow pace, apparently indifferent to the impression produced. He watches to see that the coast is clear. By common consent, when Bonner appears the road is cleared; a Dakota Indian might take lessons of Bonner in his yell. As Dexter starts on his course his driver can be heard half a mile off. The excited throng shout "That's Bonner," and all come to their feet. The team rushes by with fleetness of the wind, and is out of sight in an instant. There are some things that can not be described—a panic in Wall street, the inside of St. Peter's, the harmony of an Indian organist, the coloring of the great masters in the Pitti Palace, the trotting of Dexter. He moves as no other horse moves; he is the poetry of motion. He does not sprawl, throw his feet out, or fling them around, but seems to slide out of himself, giving the idea that any amount of speed can be obtained. He is never exhausted, there is no exertion, there is a reserve of speed that is peculiar. Go as fast as he will, his hoofs can be as distinctly seen as when he is on a slow trot. Horsemen say that his speed has never been known, and without controversy the palm is awarded to him on all hands.

A very exciting scene took place the other day. A gray horse appeared on the road—a stranger to every one. The speed of the animal was marvelous. Where the horse came from or to whom he belonged nobody seemed to know. The driver watched for Bonner. After a sharp contest he actually distanced Dexter. The thrill of excitement was indescribable. Bonner turned his horse into the shed and had him blanketed. Wall street was scarcely ever more excited than was the road that afternoon. In a short time Dexter reappeared, and here his pale antagonist was ready for the contest. Bonner put up the top of his wagon, which, as horsemen know, makes a great difference in speed. The white horse came tearing along at a marvelous pace. Bonner sprang to his feet and gave a screech that might have been heard in Westchester county. Dexter heard and understood the signal, buckled down to his work, and left the white horse so far behind that he was not to be mentioned the same afternoon. Thunders of applause attended Bonner on his course, and as the king of the road came back there were hundreds that would have crowned him with laurels. The feat of that afternoon induced horsemen to say that Dexter is capable of anything.

The news is telegraphed from Utah that the Mormons are arming and drilling, though Brigham Young says his empire, like Napoleon's, means peace. We would not be surprised if we had trouble with that people yet, for by tearing up railroads and inflaming the Indians, they have in their power to do a great deal of mischief.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Forney's Testimony Regarding Bullock.

Suppression of Four Paris Journals.

The Supreme Court Confirmations.

Southern Hotel, New York, on Fire.

A Cuban General Tried and Executed.

The Tariff Reduction in England.

A Colored Man Killed on the Railroad.

WASHINGTON.

Forney's Testimony Regarding Bullock—No Quorum, &c.

Adjournment of the House—Morrill's Speech on the Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—No session of either House of Congress to-day.

Forney testifies that the money received from Bullock was for printing jobs, pamphlets, speeches, &c.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The House adjourned until to-morrow, without transacting any business.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, by unanimous consent, is delivering a long speech on the tariff question.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill was considered. The Senate Committee offered an amendment, increasing appropriations to the offices of Assistant Treasurers at New Orleans and Charleston—the former to \$1,600 and the latter to \$2,600.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.

The Vote on the Plebiscite—Cautions Against Disturbances.

PARIS, May 8.—This city voted 44,600 against Plebiscite in the departments as far as heard from. Great majority in the affirmative.

The precautions against outbreaks have been doubled. Great agitation, but no conflicts.

ITALY.

PARIS, May 8, 6 P. M.—Returns foot up 17,126,288, nays 1,485,844 votes. Army vote, as far as heard from, 219,200, nays 39,598.

The excitement is intense, but no disturbances.

A council of Ministers was held to-day, the Emperor presiding. The reported results of the deliberations are, that ministers of war order resignations to-morrow, and Oliver will be changed. Also the formation of a new cabinet.

Victor Hugo has been cited to appear before the Tribunal for articles in the *Rapet* inciting hatred and contempt for the government.

CUBA.

A Cuban General Captured, Tried by Court Martial and Executed.

HAVANA, May 8.—A Spanish steamer arrived last night, bringing the Cuban General Goleouria, under a strong guard of naval officers. He was immediately taken to jail, where a verbal court martial assembled for the purpose of trying him. The court sentenced him to be garroted, and he was accordingly executed at Principe fort at eight o'clock this morning.

An immense concourse of people assembled on the heights of Principe.

The General remained perfectly serene and firm to the last.

Destructive Hail Storm—Nursery and Churches Destroyed.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—The papers this morning are filled with the details of the damage done by the hail storm. McKenzie & Munsing had 4,000 panes of glass broken, and are damaged to the amount of \$10,000. St. Mark's, New Birth and Eden churches had their valuable stained glass windows shattered. Half the street lamps were shattered. The largest hail stone was eleven inches in circumference and weighed seven ounces. Many serious accidents occurred from runaway horses.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—To Enos Hopkins.—Gen. T. J. Harrison has been nominated and confirmed United States Marshal, vice Blackburn, removed. Prosser.

Gen. Harrison is from Indiana, and was a Brigadier General in the Federal army, in the Department of the Southwest during the war. In the State whence he came he bears an irreproachable character for integrity, &c. He won a good reputation in the army as a gallant officer and high-toned gentleman. Since the war he has been a resident of this State, having located at Lester's, near Pulaski, in Giles county, where he has been actively engaged in industrial pursuits as an energetic man of business.

An Agricultural and Immigrant Convention was convened in the Academy of Music, at Augusta, Georgia, on May 3d. The chief object of the Convention was to devise a system of immigration which will secure reliable foreign labor for the South.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

An Incident of the Late War.

Mr. Owen, a pious farmer in Vermont, gave his eldest son, Benjamin, to the Federal cause in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived which fell like a thunder-bolt upon the anxious, yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to be shot.

The terrible news spread in the village, and the good minister, Mr. Allen, came at once to see if it were not possible to administer comfort to the broken-hearted parents.

"Oh! sir," cried the sorrowing old man, "Such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made such a precious gift—no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allen, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post. I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over duty. How prompt and reliable he was!"

And Mr. Owen's eye wandered over the green fields with a perplexed, wandering look.

"I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I and only eighteen, and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing duty."

Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning.

"Twenty-four hours—the telegraph said only twenty-four. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope. God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do not mean holy," he said, correcting himself, sharply—"there is none holy, no, not one; but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allen, tell me that. O, Bennie!—Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said with a smile, "Don't call so loud, father, Bennie is not far off, he will soon come."

"God has laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, without making any direct reply. "She has not been just herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me. She makes no wails."

Mr. Allen looked in astonishment at the bowed man, as he now came and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering now, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. "God have mercy on you; he is trying you in a furnace seven times heated!" he exclaimed almost involuntarily.

The daughter, a fair young girl—Blossom, they called her—sat near them listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear that day, and the terror in her cheeks had been so very still that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in household duties, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the door, opening it to receive a letter from a neighbor's hand. "It is from him," was all she said.

"Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it towards Mr. Allen with all the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and obedient to a motion from the father, he read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER: When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much that now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field of my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! Oh, father! I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I can't now."

"You know I promised Jimmy Carr's mother that I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in a double-quick, and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody else was tired too, and as for Jimmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I went into camp, and then it was Jimmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head. But I didn't know until—well it was too late!"

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve given to me by circumstances—time to write to you, our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father—he only does his duty. He would gladly save me if he could. And don't lay my death against Jimmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead."

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father. Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed for me as they must be now. God help me, it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father. God seems near and dear to me—not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful child, and would take me to be with Him and my Savior, in a better, better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

To-night in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture—Daisy and Brindle, and Bett; old Billy, too, will neigh for his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me, but I shall never, never come. God

bless you all. Forgive your poor, poor Bennie."

Late that night the door opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path that leads to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right or left, starting as the full moon sketched queer fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in wondered at the sweet, tear-stained face, that was upturned toward the dim lantern held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he did for Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredible short time, Blossom reached the capitol and was hurried at once to the White House. The President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eyes cast down and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheery tone, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of fatal danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom, gravely, "but my poor brother Bennie was so tired, and Jimmy was very weak. He did the work of two, and it was Jimmy's night, not his. But Jimmy was too tired; and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was also too tired."

"What is this you say, my child? Come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly as ever at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale serious face towards his. How tall he seemed; and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her story simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang the bell.

Blossom heard this order given:

"SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the little girl and said:

"Go home, my child and tell that father of yours who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need change after he has faced death. Wait and he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered that request?

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder, when Mr. Lincoln said "that the soldier who could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act uncomplainingly deserved honor."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to the Green Mountain Home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot, to welcome them back, and Farmer Owen's head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allen heard him say fervently, as the best blessing he could pronounce upon his child:

"Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."

That night Daisy and Brindle, and Bett came bellowing home from pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them at the gate, and Bennie, as he puts his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice, as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words, "Fear not, for I am with thee; I bring thy seed from the west; I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him, yea I have made him."

Collision on the South Carolina Railroad—Colored Man Killed.

CHARLESTON, May 8.—A collision occurred this afternoon on the Charleston Railroad, about 5 miles from the city, between the regular passenger train and a train with several hundred colored people aboard, bound for camp-meeting. One colored man was killed, and several others wounded.

Gov. Scott has ordered an election on the 15th May, to fill the Congressional vacancy caused by Whittemore's resignation. Regular party nominations will be made, and Whittemore's only opponent will be S. C. Dunn, an officer of the Navy, who runs as an independent Republican candidate.